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prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

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Middleburg Snyder County Penn.,  
Office a few doors West of the P. O. on  
Main street. Consultation in English and  
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Offers his professional services to the public.  
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Persons in need of a good and durable  
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reasonable prices by calling on or on SAM-  
UEL FAUST, Agent, Selinsgrove. [Jan. 24, '68]

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,  
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,  
Middleburg Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the citizens  
of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 21, '67]

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,  
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST  
Selinsgrove Penn.

JOHN K. HUGHES, Esq.,  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Penn Twp., Snyder Co. Pa.

Y. H. WAGNER, Esq.,  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Jackson Township, Snyder Co. Pa.,  
Will attend to all business entrusted to his  
care and on the most reasonable  
terms. [March 12, '68]

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Centerville, Snyder Co. Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the  
public. [6-281f]

F. W. SCHWAN, M. D.,  
SURGEON & PHYSICIAN,  
Port Trevorton Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the  
citizens of this place and vicinity. He  
speaks German and English. [April 16, '68]

F. A. BOYER, JR.,  
AUCTIONEER,  
Frederick Snyder Co. Pa.,  
Most respectfully offers his services to  
the public as Vendue Cryer and Auction-  
eer. Having had a large experience, I  
feel confident that I can render perfect  
satisfaction to my employees. [Jan. 9, '67]

B. T. PARKS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW &  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,  
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA.  
Office in Court House, [Sept. 15, '67]

LEWIS BREMER'S SONS  
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE  
No. 322 N. THIRD ST.  
633 PHILADELPHIA.  
MERCHANT HOUSE.  
H. H. MANDERBACH Prop'r.  
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No. 413 & 415 North Third Street.  
Philadelphia.

# The Post.

MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO. PA., JULY 14, 1870. NO. 19

## SELECT POETRY.

### Labor's War Song.

BY CHAR. G. HALPINE.

Up, brethren, up! The world is not  
So bad as some would make it.  
Although we till a stubborn lot,  
The plow of toil can break it.  
And wheat—ye of amber froth—  
White as the foam of the sea—  
Will soon replace the thistle growth  
And better fruit be there.

For life's a field, a goodly field,  
Where skill and long endeavor  
Can make the barren wilderness  
An Eden lower forever.

Whenever Reason bids you go,  
Be prompt and firm to follow.  
Never build a house on Age's snow—  
Tradition is but hollow.  
With eyes that vision than the light,  
Even though it show your past misdeeds,  
Ride down the phantom brood of night  
With troops of gallant lions.

For life's a fight, a stubborn fight,  
Where hope and fresh endeavor  
Can overcome the hosts of Care,  
Forever and forever.

Should sorrow hem you in upon  
Some bleak and lonely mountain,  
Never seek for the forsaken town,  
And without shadow fountain;  
But on the lightning driven top,  
Learn of the eagle self reliance,  
And let the whirlwinds, as they drop,  
Be the wings of your own fate.

For life's a fight, a stubborn fight,  
Where heart and strong endeavor  
Shall win the palm and wear the palm  
Forever and forever.

Designed in Want's despoiled retreat,  
And with resource but scanty,  
Never let them know their worthlessness  
That men may think you plenty;  
Twas the God who drove from Rome,  
And 'tis the same broadly Roman,  
Whoever the tears that fall at home,  
Laugh loud to see your doom.

For life's a fight, a stubborn fight,  
Where heart and strong endeavor  
Shall win the palm and wear the palm  
Forever and forever.

Should the whetted sword of death  
Not shun your cold embraces,  
Oh, blame her not—'tis but her lot,  
But loom her golden gleams;  
She never loved, no power on earth  
Can change a woman's true affection.  
Nor is the largest falcon worth  
A moment's misdeed.

Forget her frailty in the fight,  
For she is brave and bold endeavor,  
Still with a will a champion crown  
Forever and forever.

Avoid the trifling strife of crowd,  
You cannot turn nor side it;  
Let Heaven award the victor's meed,  
And let your heart be made it;  
Believe that life is fleeting breath,  
Be just to man and love your neighbor,  
And take this plea for your faith—  
'Truth, Temperance and Labor'.

And thus the clouds of wrong that veil  
The heaven of life will sever,  
And the palm will be the crown  
Of Faith and Firm Endavor.

Two Nephews.  
At the parlor window of a pretty  
villa, near Walton on Thames, sat, one  
evening, at dusk, an old man and a  
young woman. The age of the old  
man might be some seventy; while  
his companion had certainly not reach-  
ed nineteen. Her beautiful, beaming  
face, and active, light and upright  
figure, were in strong contrast with  
the worn countenance and bent frame  
of the old man; but in his eye, and  
in the corners of his mouth, were in-  
dications of a ray self-confidence,  
which age and suffering had damped  
but not extinguished.

"No use looking any more, Mary,"  
said he; "neither John Meade nor  
Peter Finch will be here before dark.  
Very hard, that, when a sick uncle  
asks his two nephews to come and see  
him, they can't come at once. The  
duty is simply in the extreme—only  
to help me to die, and take what I  
choose to leave them in my will!  
Pook! When I was a young man  
I'd have done it for my uncle with  
the utmost cheerfulness. But the world's  
getting more heartless!"

"Oh, sir!" said Mary.  
"And what does 'Oh, sir!' mean?"  
said he. "Dye think I shan't die?"  
I know better. A little more and  
there'll be an end of old Billy Collett.  
He'll have left this dirty world for a  
cleaner—to the great sorrow (and ad-  
vantage) of his affectionate relatives!  
Ugh! Give me a glass of the doctor's  
stuff."

Jayne's daughter all over! Haven't  
I two nephews? Why couldn't you  
fall in love with the discreet one—the  
thriving one? Peter Finch—con-  
sidering he's an attorney—is a worthy  
young man. He is industrious in the  
extreme, and attends to other people's  
business, only when he's paid for it.  
He despises sentiment, and always  
looks to the main chance. But John  
Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil can-  
vass forever, and not rich. He's all  
for art, and truth, and social reform,  
and spiritual elevation, and the Lord  
knows what. Peter Finch will ride  
in his carriage, and splash poor John  
Meade as he trudges on foot!"

The language was here interrupted  
by a ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter  
Finch was announced. He had  
seemingly taken his seat when another  
pull at the bell was heard, and Mr.  
John Meade was announced.

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews  
with a queer sort of smile, whilst they  
made speeches of sorrow at the nature  
of their visit. At last stopping them,  
"Enough, boys, enough," said he,  
"let us find some better subject to dis-  
cuss than the state of an old man's  
health. I want to know a little more  
about you both. I haven't seen much  
of you up to the present time, and for  
anything I know, you may be rogues  
or fools."

John Meade seemed rather to wince  
under this address; but Mr. Finch  
sat calm and confident.  
"To put a case," said Mr. Collett,  
"this morning a poor wretch of a  
gardener came begging. He  
could get no work, it seems, and said  
he was starving. Well, I know noth-  
ing about the fellow, and I believed  
he only told the truth, so I gave him  
a shilling to get rid of him. Now I  
am afraid I did wrong. What reason  
had I for giving him a shilling?"

What claim had he on me? What  
claims had he on anybody? The value  
of his labor in the market is all that  
a workman has a right to, and  
when his labor is of no value, why  
then he must go to the devil, or where-  
ever else he can. Eh, Peter? That's  
my philosophy; what do you think?"

"I quite agree with you, sir," said  
Mr. Finch; "perfectly agree with  
you. The value of their labor in the  
market is all that laborers can pretend  
to; all that they should have. Nothing  
acts more perniciously than the absurd  
extraneous support called charity."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Collett.  
"You are a clever fellow, Peter. Go  
on, my dear boy, go on."  
"What results from charitable aid?"  
continued Peter. "The value of labor  
is kept at an unnatural level. State  
charity is state robbery; private charity  
is public wrong."

"That's it, Peter!" said Mr. Collett.  
"What do you think of our philosophy,  
Mr. Meade?"  
"I don't like it; I don't believe it,"  
said John. "You were quite right  
to give the man a shilling. I'd have  
given him a shilling myself."

"You would, would you?" said Mr.  
Collett. "You're very generous with  
your shillings. Would you fly in the  
face of orthodox political economy,  
you vandals?"

"Yes," said John; "as the Vandals  
flew in the face of Rome and destroyed  
what had become a falsehood and a  
nuisance."

"Poor John," said Mr. Collett. "We  
shall never make anything of him.  
Peter, really, we'd better talk of  
something else. Mr. Meade, tell us  
about the last new novel."

They conversed on various topics,  
until the arrival of the invalid's early  
bed time parted uncle and nephews  
for the night.

Mary Jayne seized an opportunity  
the next morning, after breakfast, to  
speak with John Meade alone.  
"John," said she, "do think more  
of your own interest—of our interest.  
What occasion for you to be so vio-  
lent last night, and contradict Mr.  
Collett so shockingly? I saw Mr.  
Finch laughing to himself. John,  
you must be more careful, or we shall  
never be married."

"Well, Mary dear, I'll do my best,"  
said John Meade. "It was that con-  
founded Mr. Finch, with his chain of  
iron maxims, that made me fly out.  
I'm not an iceberg, Mary."

"Thank Heaven, you're not!" said  
Mary Jayne; "but an iceberg floats—  
think of that John Meade. Remem-  
ber, every time you offend Mr. Collett  
you please Peter Finch!"  
"So I do!" said John. "Yes, I'll  
remember that."

Mr. Meade.  
"Oh, when I was a youth, I was a  
little that way myself," said Peter.  
"But the world—the world, my dear  
sir—soon cures us of all romantic  
ideas. I regret, of course, to see poor  
people miserable; but what's the use  
of regretting? It's no part of the  
business of the superior classes to in-  
terfere with the laws of supply and  
demand; poor people must be mis-  
erable. What can't be cured must be  
endured."

"That is to say," returned Mr. John  
Meade, "what we can't cure, they must  
endure?"  
"Exactly so," said Peter.

Mr. Collett this day was too ill to  
leave his bed. About noon he re-  
quested to see his nephews in his bed-  
room. They found him propped up  
by pillows, looking very weak, but in  
good spirits as usual.

"Well boys," said he, "here I am  
you see; brought to an anchor at  
last! The doctor will be here soon.  
I suppose, to shake his head and write  
recipes. Hm, my boys! Patients  
can do as much for themselves.  
I believe, as doctors can do for them.  
They're all in the dark together—the  
only difference is, that the patients  
grope in English, and the doctors  
grope in Latin."

"You are too skeptical, sir," said  
John Meade.  
"Pook!" said Mr. Billy Collett.  
"Let us change the subject. I want  
your advice, Peter Finch and John  
Meade, on a matter that concerns  
your interests. I'm going to make  
my will to-day—and I don't know  
how to bestow my estate. Emma  
Briggs, Emma's daughter, as by mar-  
riage an heir."

"An oilman!" exclaimed John.  
"A vulgar, shocking oilman!" said  
Mr. Collett; "a wretch who not only  
sold oil, but soap, candles, turpentine,  
black lead, and birch brooms. It was  
a dreadful blow to the family. Well,  
Briggs, the oilman, died last week, it  
seems, and his widow has written to  
me, asking for assistance. Now, I  
have thought of leaving her a hun-  
dred a year in my will. What do you  
think of it? I'm afraid she don't de-  
serve it. What right had she to mar-  
ry against the advice of her friends?  
What have I to do with her misfor-  
tune?"

"My mind is quite made up," said  
Peter Finch; "no notice ought to be  
taken of her. She made an obstinate  
and unworthy match, and let her  
hide the consequences."

"Now for your opinion, John," said  
Mr. Collett.  
"Upon my word I think I must say  
the same," said John Meade, "bracing  
himself up boldly for the part of the  
worldly man. 'What right had she  
to marry, as you observed with great  
justice, sir? Let her abide the con-  
sequences as you very properly re-  
marked, Finch. Can't she carry on  
the oilman's business? I dare say it  
will support her very well.'"

"Why, no," said Mr. Collett, "Briggs  
died a bankrupt, and his widow and  
children are destitute."

"That does not alter the question,"  
said Peter Finch. "Let Briggs' fam-  
ily do something for her."

"To be sure," said Mr. Collett.  
"Briggs' family are the people to do  
something for her. She mustn't ex-  
pect anything from us—must she,  
John?"

"Destitute, is she?" said John.  
"With children, too? Why, this is  
another case, sir. You surely ought  
to notice her—to assist her. Con-  
founded it. I'm for letting her have the  
hundred a year."

"Oh, John, John! What a break-  
down!" said Mr. Collett. "So you  
were trying to follow Peter Finch  
through Stony Arabia, and turned  
back at the second step! Here's a  
brave traveller for you, Peter! John  
John, keep to your Arabia Felix, and  
leave sterner matters to very different  
men. Good bye, both of you. I've  
no voice to talk any more. I'll think  
over all you have said."

He pressed their hands, and they  
left the room. The old man was too  
weak to speak the next day, and, in  
three days after that, he calmly  
breathed his last.

As soon as the funeral was over, the  
will was read by the confidential man  
of business, who had always attended  
to Mr. Collett's affairs. The group  
that sat around him preserved a de-  
corous appearance of disinterestedness  
and the usual preamble to the will  
having been listened to with breath-  
less attention, the man of business read  
the following in a clear voice:

"I bequeath to my niece, Emma  
Briggs, notwithstanding that she  
shocked her family by marrying an  
oilman, the sum of four thousand  
pounds; being fully persuaded that  
her last dignity, if she could even find  
it again, would do nothing to provide  
her with food, or clothing or shelter."

The man of business went on with  
reading.  
"I have paid some attention to the  
character of my nephew, John Meade,  
and have been frieved to find him so  
much possessed with a feeling of  
philanthropy, and with a general pre-  
ference for whatever is noble and true  
over whatever is base and false. As  
these tendencies are by no means such  
as can advance him in the world, I  
bequeath him the sum of ten thousand  
pounds, hoping that he will thus be  
kept out of the workhouse, and be en-  
abled to paint his great historical  
picture, which as yet, he has only  
talked about."

"As for my other nephew, Peter  
Finch, he views all things in so sagacious  
and selfish a way, and is so cer-  
tain to get on in life that I should not  
only insult him by offering an aid which  
he does not require; yet from an af-  
fectionate uncle, and entirely as a tes-  
timony for his mental acuteness, I  
venture to hope that he will accept a  
bequest of five hundred pounds toward  
the completion of his extensive library  
of law books."

How Mr. Peter Finch stormed and  
called names; how John Meade broke  
into a delirium of joy; how Mary  
Jayne cried first and then laughed,  
and then cried and laughed together;  
all these matters I shall not attempt  
to describe. Mary Jayne is now  
Mrs. John Meade, and her husband  
has actually begun to paint the great  
historical picture. Peter Finch has  
taken to discounting bills, and bring-  
ing actions on them; and drives  
about in his brougham already.

EDUCATIONAL.  
Report of Common Schools in Snyder  
County, for the year ending  
June 14, 1870.

1. EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.—Stat-  
istics in our possession warrant the as-  
sertion that we made steady progress  
in school affairs the past year. This  
is exhibited in the Annual Statistical  
Report. The progress made in a  
single year, when compared with that  
of the preceding, does not strike the  
observer with excessive growth in any  
particular direction. But the fact that  
five new houses have been built, eight  
out-houses, a number of coal houses,  
better means of ventilation added to  
forty-nine houses, enlarged black-  
boards, two additional schools, uniform-  
ity of school books, adopted in six dis-  
tricts, more directors and citizens pres-  
ent at teachers' examinations and  
school visitation than formerly, an in-  
crease in number of teachers who read  
books on teaching, increased at-  
tendance and interest on the part of  
pupils, a better popular appreciation  
of common school education, and a  
more general participation of the patrons  
in school affairs, is conclusive  
evidence that the interest in education  
is increasing. Chippewa district was  
divided, leaving five schools in the old  
and six schools in the new district,  
called Union. By a late Act, an In-  
dependent district was formed, com-  
posed of the Kremer school, in West  
Perry, and the adjoining school in Jun-  
ata county, thereby increasing the  
number of schools to 194.

HOUSES BUILT.—One in West Beaver,  
1 in Franklin, 1 in Penn, 1 in  
Perry, and 1 in Washington. Those  
in Penn and Perry, are brick, and the  
remainder are frame buildings, several  
of these do not compare favorably in  
size, ventilation, furniture, &c., with  
the present progressive ideas. The  
house in Perry has unsuitable desks,  
and the one at Beaver Furnace, the  
seats are too high for children. West  
Beaver is one of the few districts in  
which no new buildings have been  
built for years past, except the one  
above mentioned. Another will be  
there built the ensuing year. The  
school directors in Jackson and Mid-  
dlebrook, should do likewise. We are  
glad to report that more new buildings  
will be erected this season, in Monroe,  
Penn, Perry West, Selinsgrove, Wash-  
ington and West Beaver. An addi-  
tional school was opened in Arbogast  
Valley, in Perry, and one near Beaver  
Furnace. Amount expended for build-  
ing purposes, \$3910. The salary of  
teachers and length of school term is  
the same as last year. Beaver, Frank-  
lin, Jackson, Middlebrook, Monroe,  
Penn, Perry and Washington, are de-  
ficient in out-houses. No progress  
has been made in the introduction of  
globes, maps or charts, 50 per cent  
of the schools are yet unprovided. We  
hope to see, ere long, every school in  
the county supplied, at least with  
globes, maps, writing and orthographic  
charts. The eye is the chief medium  
of conveying knowledge, observa-  
tion teaches us that in all the schools  
wherever these appliances were used,  
nearly all the pupils large or small  
were able to point and name most of  
the countries, islands, seas, &c., of the  
world. In a few instances we found  
to our sorrow, teachers neglecting this  
duty. It is proper to speak of the  
cleanliness of the school houses, con-  
sidering the open winter and muddy  
roads, our teachers deserve public  
praise. Another encouraging item is  
a large increase of pupils who study  
geography, grammar, mental arithmetic  
and history. Where we found pup-  
ils of suitable advancement, at our  
first visit over the county, that were  
not now in the county.

mette. Writing compositions and de-  
claiming is practiced in 82 schools,  
vocal music in 54. A higher standard  
of qualifications has been adopted,  
consequently the average grade of cer-  
tificates remains about the same as last  
year, 24.

TEACHERS.—No difficulty was found  
in supplying the schools with teachers  
of the above grade, 75 per cent. of the  
teachers employed had experience. 21  
have taught more than five years.  
One case of total failure, namely—  
Washington district, this year furnished  
27 common school teachers, being nine  
per cent. of its voters. Males employed,  
95, females, 7, average age, 24 years,  
34 have read works on teaching, 5  
hold Permanent Certificates. Irregu-  
larity was in part remedied, by pro-  
viding in one of the county papers, a  
monthly record of all the schools,  
giving the number of pupils, on roll,  
average attendance, and number of  
visitors. Several schools averaged 90  
per cent.

WORK DONE BY SUPERINTENDENT.  
H. EXAMINATIONS.—Twenty-two  
public examinations were held, at  
which, 183 applicants were examined.  
175 received provisional certificates, 8  
professional and 6 were rejected. We  
will not hereafter discuss third rate  
teachers. We continue with the com-  
bined oral and written method of ex-  
amining. It affords pleasure to record  
the attendance of 54 directors and 153  
visitors. Most of the school boards  
employ their teachers on examination  
day. Directors were present in every  
district except Washington. Annual  
examinations have a good effect, they  
are the means of raising the teachers  
standard of efficiency.

VISITATIONS.—All the schools except  
two, were visited twice. Total num-  
ber of visits, 292, average time spent  
in each school, 2 hours and 40 minutes,  
51 directors and 676 patrons accom-  
panied. In this number are included  
the patrons who were present at the  
visitation and examination of 17  
schools held in the evenings, in twelve  
different localities. An evidence of  
increased interest, is also found in the  
large number who visited the schools  
being an average of 21 visits by di-  
rectors and 13 patrons to every school.  
I consider evening school examinations  
by Supt's, important, they stimulate  
and encourage pupils, the benefit has  
been plainly visible upon both teachers  
and pupils. There is no teacher how-  
ever faithful, who will not try a lit-  
tler harder and seek to impress the ideas  
more firmly, if he knows that his every  
day work will be reviewed—the dull  
pupil will put forth more effort if he  
knows that his parents and friends  
will, at some future time, hear him  
recite. The commingling on these  
occasions of supt, teacher, director,  
parent and pupil, with lesson well  
prepared, school rooms tastefully de-  
corated, good music, &c., tend to ele-  
vate the standard of education, and  
impress upon the minds of our youths,  
thoughts that will move them on in  
the paths of wisdom and virtue. One  
hundred and thirty-one days were em-  
ployed officially, traveled 1172 miles  
wrote 69 official letters, instructed with  
the assistance of Prof. D. S. Boyer and  
Maj. W. H. Dill, a Normal class num-  
bering 33 members, all of these except  
8 taught during the year.

111. WORK DONE BY OTHERS AGEN-  
CIES.—The County Institute was held  
in Freeburg, in December, and con-  
tinued in session five days. There  
were 75 teachers enrolled, and a large  
number of honorary members present,  
8 districts were represented by direc-  
tors. Competent lecturers and in-  
structors, enthusiastic teachers, dense-  
ly packed Hall of attentive listeners,  
the excellent music, furnished by the  
Freeburg Cornet Band and Prof. Rub-  
instein, Pianist, inspiring the audience  
with good feelings and animations  
made the Institute of 1869 the most  
pleasant and profitable that was ever  
held in the county.

The instructors and lecturers were  
Prof. C. W. Sanders, of New York, Wm.  
F. Born, Principal of Missionary In-  
stitute, Selinsgrove, Rev. J. W. Early,  
South Shipman, Esq., Co. Supt. of  
North's Co. Teachers, S. M. Shelley  
B. S. Heller, Misses Weisel, H. Smith  
and W. R. Lion. Able instruction  
was also imparted by some of our prom-  
inent common school teachers in the  
county. Best speller at County In-  
stitute, W. H. Moyer, 2nd, Adam Zeil-  
ers, 3rd, E. W. Forrow. The Insti-  
tutions of Learning in the county con-  
tinue their work with success.

It is hoped that the advantages of  
education so near at hand, will not be  
overlooked. A District Institute was  
in successful operation, in Chapman.

The editors of the county papers  
have shown themselves friends—their  
columns are open, gratuitously, for all  
matters of educational interest. Nei-  
ther have we fault to find with the  
Ministers—they preach education with  
religion. Of the 194 persons employed  
in school duties, during the year,  
one viz: Mr. Henry B. Goss, a di-  
rector in West Beaver, was called to  
his reward.

In conclusion we again urge the  
grading of the schools No. 2

RATES OF ADVERTISING:	
One column one year	\$60.00
One-half column one year	30.00
One-fourth column one year	15.00
One square (10 lines) one insertion	75
Every additional insertion	50
Professional and Business cards of not more than five lines, per year	5.00
Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices	2.50
Editorial notices per line	15
All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the per- son ordering them will be held responsible for the money.	

A Dog's Revenge.  
Mr. E. Douglass, Esq., of this city,  
was recently the owner of a mastiff,  
which he had raised, and was about  
two years and a half old, and no doubt,  
the largest dog in the county.

On Monday evening, Mr. Douglass  
was attempting to drive some chick-  
ens into his garden, but the dog oc-  
cupied the gates, and would not let  
them pass. Mr. D. ordered him  
away, but the mastiff would not obey  
and his owner had thrown several  
rocks at him, when he took refuge un-  
der the kitchen. In a moment more  
Mr. D. saw his dog, with lean step  
and glaring eyes, advancing slowly  
toward him for fight. Our friend, say-  
ing that he could not stop the dog by  
words or gestures, at once prepared  
to defend himself, as fight was im-  
possible. As soon as the dog was near  
him, he rose on his hind feet, and at-  
tempted to seize Mr. D. by the throat.

Then ensued a combat between the  
man and dog of about ten minutes du-  
ration, and which for fierceness rarely  
has a parallel in such encounters.  
Mr. D. first threw out his left arm,  
which the dog bit considerably near  
the wrist, and with his right hand  
caught the infuriated beast by the  
throat, and as soon as the left hand  
was released from the grip of the dog,  
he seized his under jaw with it.

Knowing from every circumstance that  
the combat would be a lengthy one,  
as soon as the first excitement had sub-  
sided, Mr. D. ordered his family to  
close every door of his dwelling but  
one, towards which he gradually but  
slowly drew the dog. Before reach-  
ing the steps in front of the open door  
the dog had for a short time partially  
disengaged himself, and bit Mr. D.  
severely in his thigh.

By this time our friend became  
calm and collected, and promptly re-  
leased the dog by the under jaw and  
throat, and then began again to draw  
the brute toward the open door. Fi-  
nally he had reached the door-steps,  
which were about five feet high, and  
began to walk up them backward, and  
when at the top, he by one violent effort,  
threw the dog to the ground on his  
back. Before the animal could recov-  
er, his foot, Mr. D. had entered the  
house and closed the open door. The  
mastiff showed every disposition to  
renew the battle, and made frantic ef-  
forts to enter the windows.

At last, finding ingress impossible,  
he took his position and watched the  
door closely for Mr. D. and manifested  
by his ceiling that he would attack  
him again if he came into the yard.

In the meantime, the Rev. Dr. Hall,  
a neighbor, came to Mr. Douglass,  
(the dog showing no disposition to  
molest any one but Mr. Douglass),  
and with his gun shot the dog twice,  
and killed him, greatly to the relief  
and safety of our townsman, who was  
closely besieged within his own house.

We may state, in conclusion, that  
Mr. Douglass owes his safety to his  
great strength, being a man of two  
hundred pounds weight, and of pro-  
portionate muscular strength. Our  
friend was entirely unarmed; and  
although, during the combat, his ser-  
vants brought him his gun, the en-  
counter was so terrific that he was un-  
able to use firearms.—Newark, (Ga.)  
Herald.

"Dev may rail against women as  
much as dey like," said a darky late-  
ly; "dey can't set me against dem. I  
hab always in my life found dem to be  
fast in lub, fast in a quarrel, fast in  
dance, fast in de ice cream saloon, and  
de fast, test and fast in de sick-room.  
What would we do widout dem? Let  
us be born as young, as ugly, as help-  
less as we please, and a woman's arm  
am ready to receive us. She it am  
that giv us our fast dose ob castor-  
oil, and put clothes